

Temet Nosce

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Summary: Short story starring.... ta-da BATGIRL! She's facing her toughest opponent ever... Who could it be? Read it to find out!

Temet Nosce

Disclaimer: If you read fanfic you know the drill. I do not own these characters. That privilege goes to DC comics, one who shall be missed Mr. Bob Kane, and Warner Bro. I'm just playing with them and will put them away nicely when I'm doneJ 'Tomorrow' is a song from the Broadway play, and movie of the same name, Annie. I have no idea who owns the rights to it. Once again I am not getting any monetary reward for this work of fiction. And as Rocky so eloquently put it in 'Rocky V', "Sue what?" Feedback is worshiped, but (yes, there is always a but) flames will be deleted. I don't mean constructive criticism, I mean FLAMES. Thoughts are indicated by <>. BTW, Temet Nosce is Latin for know thyself. I credit this to the Matrix. And if it is spelled incorrectly, I apologize. It's really hard to read that plaque. Enjoy â€" M.

Temet Nosce By M. T. Duvall

Your opponent is only as big as your fear.

I keep reminding myself of what my sensei told me in my karate training, which now seems like a life time ago.

Because right now, I'm facing my deadliest opponent ever.

Worse than the badest bad guy. More frightening than anything I've ever faced in all my twenty-five years of life. And my six years of crime fighting.

Across the ring from me, about to fight me in a battle to the death is The Dark Knight, The Caped Crusader, the protector of Gotham, the senior half of the Dynamic Duo. The one, the only...

Batman.

I know I can't beat him. Some how, and in the strangest way, that knowledge gives me a weird sort of peace. At least I know what I'm facing. To go up against the " Bat ", as they call him on the street, is almost an honor. I guess I'm in shock. I'm about to die and I'm thinking about honor.

How apropos.

And then my eyes slide over to the reason we're here in this strange tableau of fate. Robin sits, restrained, a gag muting any protest he might have. In a glass box, with sinister looking tubes coming out the back and connecting to the lethal gas that can kill him with a press of a button And the person who holds that button, known occasionally as the bane of Batman's existence, a long time resident of the infamous Arkham Asylum, you guessed it, The Joker. He holds the controls and he makes the rules. And the rules are a no holds barred fight to the death between Batman and I. And if we don't really fight, Robin will " Bite the big one, a one-way ticket to that big batcave in the sky " quote, unquote.

And now I'm facing Batman. All 6'2 of him. He's the best fighter out there, anywhere. He's been doing this since before I ever even thought of being a crime fighter.

He can kick my butt.

And to save Robin, he'll have to do just that. I have a couple of things going for me, and it just might keep me alive. I'm smaller, faster, and more agile then he is. Plus, he hasn't seen me in over three years. My fighting style is different. Hell, everything about me is different. Gone is the little girl lost approach to crime fighting. Gone is the short sassy cape and purplish black suit. Gone is the let's-have-fun Batgirl. In her place is a woman in black and yellow. Serious, determined, and really pissed off.

My cape swirls around my ankles as I stand perfectly still. Even though I don't have a mirror I know exactly what I look like. The stylized yellow Bat on my chest is free, not surrounded by an oval, one of the only things I kept from my other costume. My belt, absent from my waist and who's reassuring weight I am desperately missing right now, is chunky and yellow, riding low on my hips. My gloves and boots are the same bright yellow as the famous symbol on my chest. He and I almost look like mirror images, cape and cowl both black as night. Except my red hair pretty much lets on who I am. It's longer than it was three years ago; my copper locks wander past my shoulders as the ends curl in between my shoulder blades. Batman's massive physic still dwarfs my five ten muscular frame. But all baby fat is gone from my body, replaced by three years of hard developed muscle.

I don't want him to hold back because I'm Batgirl. Because if he does that, Robin is as good as dead. This has to look real. It has to be real. When the Joker, our wonderful referee, told us to meet in the middle and bow or shake hands or whatever, in his words, we'd both assumed the same position and bowed, fisted hand in an open palm, bent at the waist. As we bowed toward each other, I put in a few choice whispered words,

" You better kick my ass, because I'm going to kick yours. "

_ His head jerked almost imperceptibly. _

_ He came up, looking at me with the patented Batman glare. _

_ I glared right back. _

_ " Do it for Robin. Just do it. " _

_ He just kept looking. _

_ And I walked away. _

_ Now here I am, waiting for The Joker to ring that little bell of his. But I've got some surprises up my sleeve. That just might get us out of here alive. _

_ I hope. _

_ I think back to earlier that night, to what had brought all of this about..... _

_ ***** 10 pm- Downtown, Gotham City _

_ The night was hot, humid. I could feel the sweat dripping down my spine and my costume sticking to my skin. I felt the slight tremor of the grappling hook as it made contact and held on to the next building. I let go, my body slicing silently through the thick, hot air, the street blurring underneath me. Landing on the rooftop of an old crumbling brownstone, I quickly assess my surroundings, picking the place where I would conduct my surveillance. This part of Gotham was a tribute and testimony to better days in this section of the city. Crime Alley we called it. And it lived up to its name. _

_ I made my way over to the edge of the dilapidated structure, crouching down, becoming a part of the shadows, moving with the night. The building I was looking for came into sight. I took out my high tech mini- binoculars and scoped out the building. An old, run down theater, no longer in business, it's doors and windows long boarded shut, graffiti now gracing the brick front, the once gleaming tile of the entrance was now chipped and broken in several places, the grime, muck and age making the royal blue tile a sickly gray.

_

_ The information I had been given was that something big was going down here tonight and I meant to stop it. My informant had been sketchy on the details, but supposedly someone was selling a big shipment of illegal arms to one of the local gangs so they could win a turf war. That meant a bunch of people were going to die. And most of them would be innocent bystanders. The alleyway behind the rundown theater was the meeting place. I waited. An hour passed, then two. And suddenly, pay dirt. _

_ A black van pulled up into the ally beside the theater. I shot a line over and landed on the top of the old building silently, watching my step as the rats that scurried about. Five men with black ski masks wearing all black, piled out. They opened the back doors and started pulling out crates of what looked like guns. _

_ A nagging feeling was starting in the back of my mind. _

_ A couple of minutes later a noisy a group of teenagers came around to the ally, having seen the van drive there. I recognized the bright orange and yellow colors. _

_ This was one of the gangs in the turf wars. _

_ The head honcho, still in the pimply stage of late adolescence, spoke up to the men still silently unloading the crates. _

_ " What the hell do you think you're doing? " He asked of the group.
_

_ The man who had been directing the unloading spoke, _

_ " This is none of your business. Get going, now. Or you might not have a chance to later." _

_ His voice was a low menacing growl. _

_ " Yeah?" The pimply punk spoke up. _

_ " Well this here is our territory, you wanna do something in it, you pay the piper. And that's me." _

_ He took out a gun, pointing it at the man who had spoken earlier.
_

_ " Now fork over some cash, or you and your friends are going to be in the paper in the morning. In the obits I mean." The punk laughed along with the rest of his gang at the joke. _

_ As he and his friends laughed, the men in the masks all silently pulled out semi-automatic machine guns. _

_ _

_ The alarm in her head was clanging louder. _

_ < This is a trap. But for whom? > _

_ Then Batgirl caught movement on the building across the ally. A flash of red and green. Robin! _

_ _

_ The gang was now trying to talk their way out of a situation that was steadily getting worse. _

_ " Whoa, man we were just kidding. No need to get all hot and heavy on us...." The punk stammered as he put his hands in the air backing up slowly, almost tripping over his own feet, and dropping his now pathetic looking gun from nerveless fingers. _

_ The man in the ski mask smiled a cold, chilling smile. _

_ " To late." He lifted his gun to fire... _

_ Clang! _

_ The gun flew out of his hand as a batarang nailed it to the brick wall behind him. Both parties jumped back as a dark figure landed in the middle of them. It rose slowly, the cape billowing outward, showing a symbol that every criminal in Gotham had etched into their brain. _

_ " It's the Bat!" _

_ One of the punks cried out, as panic started to ensue. All the gang members started running out of the ally as fast as they could. But before the cry had even been uttered Batgirl was in action. Taking out the guys with the masks was her first priority. Robin was sure to join the battle any minute now. And she had to get some of them out of the equation before he got down here. She couldn't fight them and watch out for Robin at the same time. Batgirl took one on her left first, taking him out with a solid uppercut to the jaw, as he was still distracted by the punks running away. His body hadn't even hit the ground when she did a sweep kick to the next one on her right. He came up madder than a junkyard dog. He tried to swing a clumsy right to her face. She ducked easily, bringing a well-placed knee to his groin. As he sank to his knees she chopped him over the back of the neck. _

_ "Nighty-night sweet heart." Batgirl said in a sweetly sarcastic tone. _

_ " It's not the Bat! It's just some girl dressed up as him!!" One of the masked guys yelled out. _

_ _

_ " Hey, I resent that." She said as she round house kicked him in the face. _

_ The impact pushed him into a nearby wall. He groaned as he grabbed his now blood- gushing nose and said, _

_ " Damn! She broke my nose! " _

_ Batgirl gripped him by the shirt, slamming him up against the brick wall. _

_ " The name is Batgirl, brain trust. And I'm much worse than Batsy. Think him on a very bad day, add PMS and you've got me." _

_ Right to the stomach, left to the jaw, out like a light. _

_ Batgirl heard the clink of a hammer being pulled back. _

_ She turned around. _

_ Lead mask guy had a machine gun pointed at her head. _

_ " You're not what we came for, but you'll do just the same. Go get her!" He told his last remaining partner. _

_ As he advanced Batgirl put her hands to her face in the classic damsel in distress pose. _

_ " Oh, de-ah!" She said in her best Scarlet O'Hara voice. _

_ " Whatevuh shall I do? Won't some big strong man come and save me?" _

_ " Not. " Batgirl said in a flat, angry voice _

_ As Big and Ugly were watching the floorshow, one of Batgirls hands shot out, a small round object sailed through the air, catching the moonlight. Big and Ugly were trying to bring their guns to bear as Batgirl quickly did an about face, shielding her eyes with her cape. A second later a blinding flash filled the alleyway. _

_ " Boss, I can't see!" _

_ " Neither can I, you idiot!!" _

_ " Temper, temper...." Batgirl whispered in his ear. _

_ " What the...." He was cut off as a foot caught him in the chest, causing him to fly off his feet and land heavily in a pile of trashcans. _

_ " Boss, wha-, what's going on!?!?" _

_ Batgirl heard an " Oof" uttered, and as she turned around, there was the boy wonder, standing over Ugly's now prone body. _

_ " I was beginning to wonder when you would show up." _

_ " Sorry, gorgeous. I had to contact Batman before I came down and joined the fight. Rules and all." Robin said with a cocky grin _

_ _

_ " You should have just gone home. I was just finishing up." _

_ " You wound me with your words! " He said, still smiling. _

_ "Really, Robin. Go home. You don't need to be here right now." Batgirl said in a serious tone. _

_ Robin became equally serious. _

_ "Why?" _

_ " Because this...." She was cut off by a voice and a click behind her. _

_ " This is a trap." _

_ Batgirl whirled around, immediately in fighting stance. _

_ Big and Ugly were back up. And somehow Big had gotten a gun again. _

_ " That's getting really old." She said, referring to the gun. _

_ " I don't know how you knew this was a trap for the boy blunder,

but you guessed it. And now, you're going to pay for making my night harder." Big said angrily. _

_ " And how am I going to pay? No," Batgirl said, putting up her hand in a stopping gesture, " Let me guess. You're going to point your little gun at me and shoot?" _

_ " No, no," She said shaking her head as if to brush off their "admiration", _

_ " Hold the applause. I'm just psychic." _

_ As Batgirl did the distracting, Robin got the clue and got into action. _

_ He went after Ugly again. _

_ Big turned to shoot him. Bad idea. In an instant Batgirl had him disarmed and up against the wall again. _

_ " You know, " She said in a conversational tone as her forearm pressed harder against his windpipe. _

_ " Usually, I enjoy crime fighting. Getting the bad guys, kicking butt, making Gotham a better place.." _

_ He was gasping for breath, his arms flailing as he tried to get a hold of her some how. _

_ " But it's people like you who really tick me off. Wanting to shoot me, kill me, or maim me. It just puts me in a really bad mood. Know what I mean?" _

_ Big was starting to turn purple. _

_ " Now tell me, who wants Robin and why? Don't think I won't do some damage. Because," _

_ Her arm went up higher; his feet were barely touching the ground,

_

_ " I will." _

_ She said in low growl, her masked face close to his. " Batgirl!" A familiar voice barked out. _

_ " Let him go." _

_ Batgirl tensed. She let Big go, and watched as he slid down the wall, gasping for air. _

_ " Well," Batgirl said, turning around. _

_ " If it isn't the man himself." _

_ Batman stood there, looking as indomitable as ever, a grinning Robin at his side. _

_ " I'd say hello and exchange pleasantries, but I'm kind of busy right now." She said gesturing to Big, who was turning back from that

nice shade of purple to something slightly more normal. _

_ But before Batman could reply to her obviously sarcastic tone, Robin shouted out a warning, _

_ " Batgirl, behind you! " _

_ She quickly pivoted on her left foot, catching Big in the chest with a perfect reverse roundhouse kick. _

_ An upper cut to the jaw, a left hook to the nose. And then she had him back up against the wall. _

_ " Okay, let's try this one more time." Batgirl said. _

_ Big just started laughing. _

_ " I'm thinking not." He said in between laughs. _

_ Batgirl heard a dozen guns being cocked behind her. _

_ " Damn. " Batgirl said as she let Big go once again. _

_ Over fifteen men surrounded them. Two had Batman and one had Robin. _

_ " Now that's more like it. " Said Big as he wiped his nose of the blood that was still trickling from it. _

_ He grabbed Batgirl by the hair, _

_ " I'm going to enjoy this." He whispered in her ear. _

_ Big then proceeded to punch her in the stomach. Batgirl fell to her knees, trying not to groan in pain or gasp for air. _

_ " Move again, bats, and I'll really do her in. " Big said as he brought a gun to Batgirl's temple. _

_ Batgirl looked up at Batman, who was straining at the two men that held him, even as they brought their guns up to his head. _

_ _ _

_ " I just love a big strong man who isn't afraid to show it with someone half his size." _

_ Batgirl said as sarcastically as she could, trying to draw the attention back on her, so maybe Batman and Robin could find a way out of this. _

_ For her trouble she got a kick in the gut. _

_ Batgirl fell forward onto her hands, gasping for air. _

_ " That's about enough out of you." Big said. _

_ He pulled her hair back, forcing her face up close to his. _

_ " Sweet nightmares, you little pain in the ass." He whispered. _

_ Batgirl saw the gun coming down toward her head and tried to move.

_

_ But it didn't help as the cold steel connected with her temple and everything went black in an explosion of pain and dancing lights.

***** _

_ Pain. _

_ That is what brought me back to the land of the consciousness. _

_ A nice pounding pain, only to be felt if you've been hit over the head with a nice heavy object. In my case, a nice big gun. _

_ I opened my eyes, only to regret it a moment later. The light seemed to be blinding, intense. Making my headache even worse. I heard a low groan and realized an instant later that it had come from me. I took stock of my surroundings, using my other four senses as I willed my head to stop pounding. I was on a bed of some sort. The room was temperature controlled. It wasn't too warm or too cold. It smelled sterile. Something akin to a hospital smell but not quite. My hands were cuffed behind me. By the feel, they were standard issue GPD. I could get out of these. The pounding in my head had lessened a bit so I ventured to open my eyes. The pain instantly became worse but I kept my eyes open. I was in a cell in Arkham Asylum. _

_ The clear wall, of what I assumed was plexi-glass or something of that sort, covered the entire front wall except for the door. I was in the special wing where they kept criminals like the Joker, Poison Ivy, Harley Quinn, Two Face, the Scarecrow, and countless others. Across the aisle from me in another cell was Batman. Who ever had us had taken no chances with the Dark Knight. He was in a straight jacket and chains. Including manacles on his feet. I looked down and discovered a matching pair on my own. He was watching me wake up.

_

_ < Oh how, sweet. Yeah, right. > _

_ " Well," I said, trying not to groan at how loud my voice sounded in my ears. _

_ " We're in Arkham. Any idea why?" _

_ " No. They led me in here. Dropped you over there and took Robin." _

_

_ He said in the usual Batman tone. Low. Gravelly. As inviting as a swim in the Antarctic. And it still sent shivers down my spine. < Snap out of it girl! > I said to my self. I sat back down on the bed and quickly got my cuffs off. _ I thought triumphantly as the cuffs slid off my wrists. Batman continued watching me silently. I immediately opened the secret mini computer contained in my right glove. I quickly accessed the email program and started typing as fast as I could. They could come back at any moment. Since I knew Batman wasn't going to ask, I told him what I was doing. _

_ " I'm sending an email to Commissioner Gordon and Nightwing. Of course, I don't have a modem built in, but I'm sending this to my Batcycle, which will forward it from there. Hopefully they'll get

this in time to help us." I said in a neutral tone. __

__ " But if your bike isn't near enough, it won't get the signal." Batman said. __

__ __

__ " I know that, but my suit has a homing device in it. My bike follows within a two block radius of me at all times." I said, somewhat smugly. __

__ Down the hall a beep sounded as a door swished open. __

__ < I just need ten more seconds for it to confirm.... > __

__ Footsteps sounded in the hall. __

__ < No time. > __

__ I flipped the computer top down, redid my glove, snapped on my handcuffs and sat down on the bed, all in a matter of seconds. I prayed that my bike was close enough to get the signal. __

__ Big and Ugly were back and they had brought some friends. We'll call them Dumb and Stupid. __

__ Big directed them to open Batman's cell door and got him out, all the while holding a gun on the Dark Knight. When Dumb and Stupid had dragged Batman out, Big sent Ugly after me. He opened up the cell door and hauled me up off the bed by my arms, turned me around and checked my cuffs and leg restraints. __

__ " She's good to go boss." He said to Big. __

__ " Okay, bring her out and let's get this show on the road. We have a lot of people waiting." __

__ Ugly shoved me out of the cell and in line behind Batman. We silently made our way out of the cell portion of Arkahm. They led us through a myriad of halls and rooms. We passed attendants and doctors, all moving about doing their different jobs, blank looks on their faces. __

__ < Mind control. Compliment's of Jervis Tetch aka the Mad Hatter. Don't these people ever learn? You know the old saying, ' fool me once, shame on you, fool me twice, shame on me> __

__ Soon we came to two large doors with the words " Staff Gym " above it. __

__ They opened the door and led us through. __

__ The noise was almost deafening. It seemed every inmate in Arkahm was free and in the gym. Boo's, hiss's and cat calls started as Batman and I were pelted with an assortment of paper and nice, hard objects. They led us to what looked like a makeshift boxing ring. They seated me in one corner and Batman in the other. As I was shoved unceremoniously into a chair my eyes immediately focused on Robin. They had him in a clear glass cage of some sort. Tubes trailed out of the back toward two insidious looking containers of fluids hooked up

to a computer. He was bound and gagged. __

__ __

__ The gym was large. All the equipment had been removed, so that in the middle was the boxing ring, to the left were chairs filled with the 'spectators' and to the right was Robin. Directly in front of us, the Joker and some very familiar faces were in a deep discussion. Two Face, the Penguin, Poison Ivey, Scarecrow, Harley Quinn, The Mad Hatter, The Ventriloquist, and The Riddler, were all taking part.

__

__ __

__ Poison Ivy seemed to be making a point as her hands gestured in my direction. < That can't be good> __

__ Soon, too soon for my tastes, they all seemed to agree and the Joker came forward. Taking the microphone he loudly and obnoxiously cleared his throat. __

__ " Ladies and germs, I, your referee and your panel of judges," He said pointing to Ivey, Two face and the others who were now seated at the front of the ring, __

__ " Have come to a decision. Batman will not be fighting Nightwing as promised. " __

__ More Boo's and hisses followed this declaration. __

__ " But! As Ms. Isley pointed out, we do have another contender. Batgirl." Joker punctuated all of this with a smile and a bow toward her. __

__ The room erupted at this announcement. A few dissented but the room began vibrating with the shouted words of " Fight, fight, fight, fight!!!" __

__ The Joker was grinning from ear to ear as he said." The majority has it! There will be a fight tonight. And what a fight it will be! In one corner, the man we all love to hate, the one, the only, Batbreath!" __

__ The loud booing and shouts threatened to deafen me once again.

__

__ " And in the other corner, the newly returned, and also a big pain in our collective behinds, Batgirl!!!" __

__ More booing and catcalls. This was getting so old. __

__ " And now here's the rules." Joker said as his voice went an octave lower. __

__ " This won't be just any normal fight. Oh no! Not for our two contenders. This will be a bona-fide fight to the death." The last word came out on a hissed breath. __

__ I visibly started in my chair as my eyes latched onto Batman, only to find him looking right back at me. We stared at each other, trying

to communicate without words. The world faded out as I tried to concentrate on the man in front of me. But, instead, my brain latched into one thought, < I wonder what color his eyes are€|> __

__ And then the world came crowding back in as the Joker came between Batman and I, breaking our locked gaze. __

__ " Yes, a fight to the death! The best and only kind in my opinion. And the prize to the winner? Our little bird boy over there. And if they do not fight it out to the death, young Robin will die. He'll bite the big one, a one-way ticket to that big batcave in the sky. And if one of our hero's try to get to him and save him, a press of a button on this control, " Which he proudly displayed, " In my innocent hand will kill him before either of them could ever hope to save the lad. When I ring the bell the fight will begin and it will end when one of them is dead." With that the Joker motioned to Big and Ugly. They came over and roughly took off my restraints and then Batman's. The Joker piped up once more. " Okay, um bow or shake hands or whatever." __

__ I stood up, almost positive that I was going to die. __

__ ***** __

__ And now, here I am, waiting, tense. The plan I'd formulated in my head was ready to be carried out. __

__ __

__ DING! __

__ And he did. __

__ I ran at Batman, making it seem that I was going to take him on right then and there. But right before I came into the reach of those powerful arms, I changed tactics as I vaulted into the air. I twisted my body into a half somersault so that I landed crouched behind him, all in a matter of seconds. I did a sweep kick, taking his legs out from under him. He did exactly what I thought he would as his hands went behind him propelling himself back up. As he was coming back up his face met with my foot. Blood trickled from his now cut lip.

__

__ __

__ The crowd roared in delight. __

__ First blood was mine. __

__ He then went into classic martial arts fighting stance. With his gloved hand he motioned to me. __

__ The message was clear: __

__ Bring it on. __

__ I went in. My roundhouse kick to his head was easily ducked. His palm hit me square in the chin. It staggered me, but undaunted, I went back in. This time using some of the boxing techniques I had learned in Ireland. I set myself and punched a stiff right to the

heart then a left hook to the kidneys. He tried a right to the head, which I blocked and countered. Taking his arm between my hands I used the momentum of his punch to throw him over. He rolled into a ball and came up faster then I thought possible. I was already starting to ache from some of the blows we'd exchanged. But at least I wasn't winded, not yet anyway. __

__ We slowly circled each other, but I was looking for something, something that might not even be thereâ€¦ Yes! My eyes found it just as Batman came at me again. I was caught off guard as his flying kick caught me in the ribs. I let the momentum carry me over, executing a series of flips until I was at the opposite end of the ring. Now I was winded. That last kick had at least bruised some ribs if not cracked a couple. __

__ But, they wanted a fight, and a fight they would get. So I charged. I stood toe to toe with him. Slugged it out. We executed kicks and punches with aching precision. We were slowly learning each other. Our strengths. More importantly, any weakness. __

__ Circling one instant, in close contact the next. __

__ Go away, stay, and go away again. __

__ A deadly dance, but a brutally beautiful one. __

__ In our similar costumes it was almost like fighting, or dancing, with myself. __

__ < I would laugh if I could take the time > __

__ He was so fast. __

__ It was one thing to watch him fight and stand in awe of him. It was quite another to fight him myself. __

__ It was exhilaratingâ€¦ and terrifying. __

__ If I lived through this, what a story it would be. __

__ We were both landing blows and blocking them. My smaller size and agile ness giving me time to get away, his sheer strength sometimes overpowering me. All this was happening with alarming speed. We were both sweating and breathing heavily. Our suits were torn and bloody. __

__ < He looks about as bad as I feel > __

__ The whole room had gone quiet except for our ragged breathing as we separated again. I was feeling rough. I didn't have much longer before I passed out, at least from the pain. Blood trickled from a scalp wound on the side of my face. Batman's bloody lip had dried and then been reopened countless time so that the lower half of his face had blood smeared all over it. We looked like we'd been through a small war, but I'd finally found what I needed. One more round and maybe we could end this thing. I just wondered if I could last that long. __

__ < Where the hell are Dad and Nightwing? If my plan doesn't work and if they don't get here, I'm as good as dead. > I went in for one

last round, my final moves. And they had to be perfect. __

< I hope he does what I think he'll do. If he doesn't, I'm fried.
> __

I made it look like I was setting my body for another slug fest, my fists coming up in the classic boxer pose, my body hunched, but then I changed tactics, spinning into a bone crunching reverse roundhouse kick that caught him square in the chest. And then I waited as he staggered and then set himself. And then he was flying towards me. I admired his perfect form in the flying kick, even as I braced my body for impact. I tried to put the pain out of my mind as his kick landed I quickly crumpled to my knees, gasping for breath, all strength apparently gone. The unruly crowd was now on its feet, shouts of " Finish her, " echoing in my ears. I looked up into his eyes and said loudly, __

" GO ON! DO IT!!" __

The crowd went wild. Just like I knew they would. And then, the moment I had been waiting for had come. Joker, Ivey, and the others were also on their feet. The remote control was still on the table in front of them. __

NOW! __

" Get down!" I said in a voice only loud enough for Batman to hear. __

In an instant he was down on the floor. In that moment, that split second, my hidden batarang, my ace in the hole, appeared. With all my strength, I flicked it from my wrist. My form and aim had to be perfect. It sailed over the heads of our "judges" and imbibed itself in a pipe in the ceiling. __

< Yes! I am sooo good. > __

I saw the Joker reach for the remote control and then everything went black. But I was already in motion. I heard chairs scraping against the floor and shouts of anger. The Joker yelling about the remote not working, Two-Face answering that of course it didn't, that Batgirl had cut the power. __

__ __

I vaulted over the ropes, my night vision lenses already in place. I took a nearby chair and smashed it through the glass of Robins "cage". I quickly untied him. Knowing Robin could take care of himself, I went in search of my belt and some certain "people" I wanted to have a "friendly" chat with. I had spotted our belts at the judge's table earlier, so I made my way over there. I knew that Batman was probably already having some "conversations" of his own with our gracious 'hosts'. But before I could get there the lights suddenly came back on. And a voice I knew very well said over a bullhorn, __

" Okay, everyone. Give it up. We have you completely surrounded." Commissioner Gordon ordered. __

The accompanying clicks of about a hundred gun hammers being

cocked were music to my ears. The boys in blue made quick work of the now subdued inmates. A quick look told me that Batman, Robin and now Nightwing were rounding up the esteemed panel of judges. But there was one more piece of business I wanted to take care of. I quickly spotted the person I was looking for. __

__ Big was being cuffed and lead out of the room when I yelled, "Officer, wait!" He stopped, turned, and gaped as he saw me coming.

__ < I must be a sight > __

__ " I need to talk to him for a minute." I said motioning to Big.

__ " Sure, Ma'am." He said politely. __

__ " Can you please step back for me?" I asked extra nicely. The officer complied. __

__ I stood in front of Big and gave him a nice friendly smile. __

__ And then I punched him in the nose, liking the feel of the bone smashing under my fist. __

__ " That's for Robin." __

__ Followed by a punch to the gut. __

__ " That's for kicking someone when they're down." __

__ And to top it all off, a knee to the groin. __

__ " And that's because I just felt like it." __

__ I walked away with a satisfied smile, as Big lay on the floor groaning and clutching you- know-where. __

__ Since everything else was under control I grabbed my belt and proceeded to make a quick and unobtrusive exit. Once outside I took a deep breath of the now cool night air. I saw the pinkish glow on the horizon and knew that sun would soon be making its glorious appearance. A song I used to sing often as a little girl came back to me as I slung my belt around my hips, as I had done countless times before and would do again, and then pressed the button that would bring my bike to me as I watched the sun start its ascent. __

__ 'The sun will come out, tomorrow, bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow, there'll be sun. Just thinking about tomorrow, clears away the cobwebs and the sorrows' __

__ I could feel his presence even before he spoke. __

__ " It's going to be a beautiful day." I said in a deceptively calm voice, like we were just discussing the weather. " Yes, it is." Batman said as his form separated from the shadows. __

__ He looked like hell. But then so did I. __

__ " You did really well tonight." He's voice came again, startling

out me out of my assessment of him. __

__ " Thanks." That was about all I could manage. My adrenaline was fading fast and my injuries were making themselves known once again. My bike rolled silently to stop beside me. I turned to climb on it, and felt one of my knees give way. __

__ But before I could hit the ground, I was in his arms. __

__ " Are you all right?" It was the most gentle I've ever heard that voice. __

__ I put my hands against his chest to steady myself, " I'll be fine. " I heard a calm voice assure him. __

__ Damn, I was good. __

__ ' When I'm stuck with a day that's gray and lonely, I just stick out my chin and grin and sayâ€|ohhhhâ€|. ' __

__ But my body was betraying my weak state as it started to shake. I straightened my aching back and my chin automatically went up into the air. __

__ I put my palms flat against the yellow emblem on his chest and pushed myself away, so that he would know I could stand on my own. But as my eyes met his, I could see that he didn't believe me. He arms still loosely encircled me as if he didn't quiet know if he should let me go. __

__ My feminine weak side begged me to stay in his embrace just a little longer. __

__ But my hard won independence made my decision for me. I broke from his loose hold and climbed on my bike. __

__ I shook my head, to clear the cobwebs from it, causing my red hair to catch the first rays of the sun and make it look like my hair was on fire. It was one of the only times I caught Batman staring. A small smile graced my lips. __

__ 'Tomorrow! Tomorrow! I'll love ya! Tomorrow, you're always a day awayâ€|. ' __

__ " See you around." I said softly. __

__ His eyes caught mine and held them there for what seemed like an eternity. __

__ Then a voice from behind me broke the spell that had been cast. __

__ "Batgirl!" __

__ My head turned to see Nightwing purposefully striding toward me. When I looked back Batman was, of course, gone. A small sigh escaped my lips. And then Nightwing was standing beside my bike, tall and handsome, his black suit with the stylized wing on the front making him look invincible. His gloved hand came up and gently cupped my check, his thumb lightly grazing over my split lip. __

__ " Are you okay?" __

__ If I'd had the strength I would have laughed at how much he sounded like his mentor. __

__ But instead I just nodded. Looking into his concerned face, my yellow-gloved hand came out and pushed a wayward lock of hair off his forehead in a totally unexpected gesture. His eyes widened in surprise. In a swift movement he reached up and gently grasped the back of my head bringing my lips to his. The kiss was soft, sweet, and full of promise. He brushed his lips lightly against mine in one last caress as we separated. __

__ " We'll talk soon?" He asked in a deceptively light tone of voice. __

__ I gave him a small smile and nodded my assent. __

__ < I'll think about all of this tomorrow> 'Tomorrow! Tomorrow! I'll love ya! Tomorrow, you're only a day away' __

__ I gunned my bike and with one last look at the man watching me, I peeled off into the sunrise. __

__ The End (for nowJ) __

__ Note from the author: I hope you enjoyed me first attempt at Batgirl fan fiction. I base my fan fiction loosely on Batman: The Animated Series. In my delusional world, Batman, Robin and Nightwing do not know Batgirl's identity (it ruins it for me when they do) and Barbara has come into money of her own and has been gone over seas training and finding herself for three years prior to this story. I am currently working on that story and have been for two years. To all die-hard Bat fans I apologize for the liberties taken in this story. I love the characters and I am still working on how to make them as much like they were created as I can, so please bear with me. Also, I "borrowed" a couple of things from the one of the movies and the animated series. If you can figure them out, kudos to you __

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End
file.